

Encounter: Steam Lover
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Steam Lover

The lift in Number Seven Courtroom carried me from the basement cells to the dock accompanied by the mournful creak of rusty chains and worn pulleys. I knew firsthand how hard it was tugging on the ropes. I'd been doing it for fifteen days and had blisters to prove it. I hoped the buggers down below didn't let go. Otherwise I'd plummet to my death. The lift jolted to a halt and I fell to the floor. I gripped the bars with dirt grimed fingers and pulled myself to my feet.

I was suspended mid air, swinging back and forth like a carcass in the butchers market, facing a crowd of riffraff which erupted in raucous whistling and cat calls. I pulled my tattered coat closed to cover my breasts, which had been shaken free from my shredded dress. Some bastard threw an egg at me. It missed the bars and broke on my forehead, covering my face with its slippery yoke. Laughter erupted as I gathered up the precious slime and filled my mouth. I hadn't eaten in days.

The pounding of a hammer and a booming voice quieted the gawkers. "Address the bench!"

I spat out a piece of shell and turned to face the judge sitting in the high chair in all his finery -- wig of lamb's wool, ermine cloak, and the bright brass goggles of his office.

"Audrey Rose, known to some as Prick Haven, you are charged with lewd and degenerate conduct at Number 29 Regent Street. How do you plead?"

"Not guilty!" I yelled and the crowd twittered and encouraged further insolence. "I only kept the books!" That brought a roar of laughter, and the judge pounded his gavel to silence them.

“That makes you the three hundred and third bookkeeper I’ve had before me this very month. “ It was just my luck to have a music hall comic sitting in judgment. “Guilty as charged. I sentence you to six months at Stonebrook.”

That brought silence to the courtroom, and a sickening emptiness to my gut. Stonebrook was the nitrix mine in the West Country. They say the fumes blind you and rot your lungs from the inside till you drown in your own blood. I’d be lucky to last six weeks, let alone six months.

The judge smirked. “Not so smart now, eh slut?”

I opened my mouth in protest but nothing came out. I was a dead woman, and dead people are breathless.

“I say. I say!” A well dressed spoof in the upper gallery reserved for the toffs was waving a piece of paper to attract the judge’s attention. “I represent Professor Julius Sumner. I have a permit to Claim issued this very day.”

The judge peered at him over his official goggles. “What do you want to do with this permit?”

I gaped in wonder for the stranger’s perfectly symmetrical face was preternaturally handsome. “The accused says she is a bookkeeper. We are in need of a laboratory assistant. If she can answer a mathematical problem, I will claim her sentence.”

Good grief, what shite was this? Fate had laughed at me all my life. Was this to be the last joke to be played?

“I fancy some entertainment,” the judge chuckled. “Ask her your problem, and we’ll see if this lewd and moral degenerate learned her sums.”

The handsome young man turned to me. “Miss Rose. Tell me. What is infinity?”

I searched for the trick and could see none. He appeared earnest, as if he expected a proper answer. “The biggest number there can be?”

He seemed relieved at my answer. “What about infinity plus one?”

My mind whirled. Was he playing some sort of cruel joke, offering me salvation only to pluck it out of my grasp? I was suddenly angry. "What you called infinity obviously wasn't the biggest number there could be, because you just added another one to it."

He nodded. "So, what about infinity minus infinity plus one?"

Here was the sum that would save me or condemn me. It was so ridiculously easy that again I feared a trick. The crowd was mumbling irritably, the judge shook his head and raised his gavel, meaning to call a halt to the show.

"One?"

"Correct!" The stranger smiled broadly exposing rows of unnaturally white teeth and turned to the judge declaring, "Your Honor, pursuant to this permit, I claim Miss Audrey Rose to work at Professor Sumner's Laboratory for a period of not less than six months."

The judge grumbled in disapproval. "If you must, though what work you do in your laboratory that requires this slattern is beyond me." The judge pounded his gavel. "So be it!"

An hour later I was pushed out the rear door by the Court's blue clad plod. "There you go, Haven," he said after he'd copped a thick fingered feel of my privates. "Good luck, though I don't envy being experimented on by that old codger." I fell into a puddle of muddy water wondering what the hell he meant by that.

Gentle hands grasped my arm and bundled me into a steam-coach. It was colder than a dead king's dick but at least it was out of the rain. A thick blanket was placed over my shoulders. I recoiled from the smiling face of my savior. I'd seen men commit acts of evil savagery on my friends with that exact same smile.

I considered my options. I'd been rescued from certain death by a stranger, a learned professor held in some esteem by the judge, otherwise he wouldn't have honored the permit of claim, no matter how legitimate. They knew what I was, or thought they did. In their eyes I was worth less than the dirt

on their shoes. Good for only one thing. Best I give them what they want until I chose my time to escape. I'd done it before, though in truth I seemed only to jump from one furnace right into another.

The man beside me was a flunky of this Professor Sumner. I would need a friend on the inside if I was to make my escape. He was as good as any.

"Thank you, sir," I said meekly while reaching into his lap and fumbling at his buttons.

He sat back in surprise, his mouth wide open in surprise. "What?"

I straddled him and covered his mouth with my own, forcing my tongue as deep into his throat as I could. I found his dick after some searching. It was small, no doubt due to the shock of my frozen fingers, but it took only a couple of tugs to get some life into it, and he swelled magnificently.

His struggles of resistance soon weakened and he returned the kiss, his tongue wrestling with mine. He gripped my shoulders and held me in a strong embrace.

I fed his cock into my prick haven and skewered myself on it. He gasped with pleasure as so many men have done before. I gave him the ride of his life, and I must admit I enjoyed him too. I hadn't had a cock for a month, and I'd just been saved from a death too horrible to imagine. I had a lot of nervous energy to vent, and like a locomotive's overheated boiler, I did.

Sliding over the length of his thick shaft I lost myself to the sensations of the flesh; the gentle tingling that grew and grew into a deep heat that spread through my belly, slowly leading to a tightening of every muscle in my body. I held my breath waiting for the explosion, the eruption of that wet sticky heat, like the complete venting of my life-force, like infinity minus infinity, leaving nothing behind as my muscles turn to water. It is the most delicious and sublime ending to a most bestial act.

I came to my senses and found he had lifted me off and wrapped me in the blanket. He wiped the spend off the head of his cock with a silk

handkerchief. There was quite a lot it, though not as much as was leaking from my inner folds. I suspected I now had an ally in the camp of Professor Sumner.

“Where are you taking me?” I asked in a shaky voice.

“To meet your father,” he said, picking a piece of eggshell from his chin. “Mine also it seems, in a manner of speaking.”

That was the final joke of the day. Just when I thought my degeneracy could sink no lower. Hysterical laughter, like that of a mad woman, filled my ears and quickly devolved into mindless sobbing.

He pulled me closer so that my head rested on his chest. When my despairing convulsions subsided I could distinctly hear from behind his ribs the precise and unmistakable clicks and whirls of a clockwork heart.

That’s the exact moment I truly lost my mind.

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